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## CONTENTS.

## SELECTION OF SHORTHORNS FOR BREEDING.

[A paper read by Prof. Samuel Johnson, of the Agricultural College, at the annual meeting of the Michigan Shorthorn Cattle Breeders' Association held at Lansing, Dec. 21 and 22, 1882.]

At first thought it may seem quite a commonplace matter of business to select the animals that shall be a fit foundation for a herd of Shorthorns, so simple perhaps as to seem unworthy of attention on an occasion like this. But what tyro in this business who has had the experience of making his first selections, has not found himself sorely puzzled many times in his choice and decisions? Old and long-established breeders are unquestioned experts in this art, but the inexperience of animals strong in the Bastes blood. Others quite as reputable favor the Booth sires; while others say the plain bred cattle will be found most valuable for practical breeders.

One says the Duchesses, or the Rose of Sharon are the best Shorthorns in the world. Another has more faith in the Young Marys, or Phyllises.

One says buy only animals of a red color; while another asserts that roan and white will be more distinctive markings of good Shorthorns since the days of Robert and Charles Colling, the great improvers, hardy founders of this celebrated breed.

Breeders differ widely it would seem at first sight. There is sharp, positive contention as to the best breeds to be used in the business. The farm journals praise or condemn families or tribes as well as individual animals, as sound judgment and desire to benefit their readers, or as whim, fashion, or personal gain may dictate, until the beginner in the business comes to feel that Solomon was hardly right when he uttered the proverb that in a multitude of counselors there is safety. It will at least not be considered irreverent to affirm that the wisest of men had no idea of the pleasures and perplexities that are a part of the business. I think we have pictured the experience of most men who, desirous of engaging in the business "smoke patches" by conditions that made them very desirous to make it a financial success, have found themselves in a quandary when they came to the point of purchasing their first animals. Now I do not write or speak on this topic *ex cathedra*; but only to present a few suggestions briefly, that some experience and observation has led me to conclude will be found sound in theory and practice. Certain it is that upon the selection of the animals that are to form the foundation of a herd the success or failure of the breeder very largely depends. Right here I am inclined to say that do not breed Shorthorns for profit. Not because they are ornamental in green pastures or well managed stables. It is for profit. It is because men believe that in Shorthorns we have a breed that makes better returns for food and care than any other. Now they can only pay in two ways: 1st, by selling them for breeding purposes; 2d, by the returns made in milk product and beef. Now as to the first point, the great demand of our time is for good cattle with good pedigrees for breeding purposes. Not cattle whose pedigrees of g., and g., can cover an ordinary page, a sales catalogue, but possibly individuals of not much merit; but cattle that have individual excellence, from families renowned for merit rather than for fancy points, and the aristocracy of their lineage. Now there is, I believe, a real aristocracy of Shorthorns, as there is of men; but you know it is not always the man with the finest coat and the most outside show that carries off the prize in life's contests. So it is not, although there have been some strange delusions on this point and fashion has had a strong sway, the bluest blood that makes the best and most profitable animal.

The individual merit of the animal as well as the pedigree is important. I think the order should be the animal, then the pedigree. I question very seriously the theory that an inferior animal with a good pedigree, will be likely to get better stock than one of individual excellence, but with perhaps a much shorter, plainer pedigree than the other. "There is much more probability of the reproduction of the characteristics possessed by the animal than of those not manifested by it, but which characterized the parent." Of course if those characteristics which meet our approval come down through a long line of ancestry, we may be almost confident that they will be reproduced in the offspring. The character of a pedigree should be studied, rather than its length.

Some one has said it is a good rule "to select the animal with the fewest defects, rather than the one with striking excellencies—the latter may blind us to the former."

Can not be exercised in the purchase of breeding animals that they be not selected from herds that have been pampered, overfed until their constitutions have been impaired. Purchasers are almost invariably disappointed in the growth and development of animals handled in this manner.

AMONG THE MERINOS OF VERMONT.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have just returned from taking the Shorthorns mentioned in your most excellent paper as sold by Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, to F. & L. E. Moore, of Shoreham, Vt. I thought perhaps that a little account of my visit among the sheep breeders of Shoreham would not be out of place. The cattle went through in good shape. Being somewhat hurried for time our cattle were rather short, but were heartily enjoyed by myself. By the way, I think Green Mountain air is very good to produce an appetite. The second day after my arrival, with Mr. L. E. Moore to make him around, we made calls on V. Rich, Ed. Stickney, E. H. Bissell, H. S. Brookins, W. H. Jones, James Forbes, Jr., and J. T. Stickney, which used up two days; then one day was spent in handling over the lambs that I selected from the Moore flock. I found the above named men good whole-souled farmers; want a fellow to come right in, make himself at home, and stay a week. I had the pleasure of seeing Old Banker and Rip Van Winkle, but both were shorn in August, so could not tell much about their fleeces. We handled a yearling ram at Joe Stickney's, owned by Mr. Stickney and Mr. Williams, of Whiting, sired by Rip Van Winkle, that gives promise of lots of good things. Also handled several parties of yearling and two-year-old ewes that I thought were about right. Let me say right here that the Messrs. Moore have a party of 16 yearling ewes that to handle are good for any difficulty of the eyes. A few of them would make trouble for the boys at our State Fair, or any other State Fair.

We found Thos. Shaw, of Mundy, as lively as ever in making good sales; he has lately sold three calves and one cow, and so reduced his stock that two cows and two calves are all he has left he could dispose of; he says the advertisement he put in the paper did the work.

L. P. Clark has returned to Vermont. G.

W. Stuart can now probably spend a little

of his time with his family and other

friends; however, he reports his sales exceedingly good.

Mr. Edward Parsons, who only started in

blooded stock a year ago, has just made his

maiden sale; he feels good, and looks

hopefully to the future.

C. C. CAMERON.

SOUTH GRAND BLANC, Dec. 27th.

THE MODEL AMERICAN MERINO, AND HOW TO PRODUCE IT.

[A paper read by Peter Martin, of Rush, N. Y., at the Annual Meeting of the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association, held at Lansing, December 19th and 20th, 1882.]

I brought back 31 ewe lambs and 16 ram lambs; 30 of them were bred by F. & L. E. Moore, 16 bred by H. W. Jones, and one ram lamb bred by C. C. Forbes. The lambs were sired by Young Centennial or Moore's 302, Q. C. Rich's 112, H. C. Burwell's 157 and 165, Bunker, Jr., and one ewe lamb by Old 146, half brother to Centennial. Lambs came through nicely, after being on the road a week. Should very much like to have brought home some of the young ewes that I saw there, but my pocket was hardly deep enough. Will be pleased to show what we have in the stock line to any one looking after fine wool or sheep.

To be a little more specific, breeding

cows should be selected from families noted for general excellence. Some

families seem to combine in much larger

proportion than others the qualities that

are specially desirable for breeding pur-

poses, such as quality, feeding habit, a

large milk yield. A cow giving a good

supply of milk will be more valuable as a

breeding animal than that does not. It is

important, so far as the growth of the

produce is concerned, and especially in

perpetuating the quality of the descend-

ents.

Shorthorn cows for breeding ought to

be not—excessive—size; cows with a

vigorous, substantial look about them,

thick through the heart, giving ample

space for the vital organs. I think it may

be fairly said that we have too many

undersized animals in our Shorthorn

herds. While size may not be the most

essential point, it is still a matter of im-

portance. I do not like to see mature

cows of this breed weighing less than

1,400 to 1,600 pounds. The line of fashion-

able breeding adopted by some has re-

sulted not only in decreased size, lack of

substance and vigor but, in the case of

the ewes, too often monotonous and limited

the susceptibility and power of the ani-

mal for breeding, so that as I have already

intimated, such breeding induces infir-

tility, and too often barrenness. The be-

ginner who is making his first selections

will do well to purchase cows that have

approved themselves as regular breeders

of good animals; this is often better than

taking the risk of buying a young animal

whose value as a breeder is yet to be de-

termined. A gentleman who has expen-

ded a large sum for Shorthorns to es-

tablish a herd, stated his rule in buying

as follows: "Pedigreed first, beast after-

wards; and unless both were good I did not

buy." Mr. Richard Stratton, one of the most

widely known and respected of English

breeders, is said "to have studied and

practiced breeding for the animal's sake

more than for fashionable tastes. He

went for sound constitution, good quality

of flesh, and abundant milking properties.

He looked to pedigree not for its long de-

scend, but to assure himself that the im-

mediate ancestors were good and of a

good family of good animals." His suc-

cess has been great, and the results are

now well known throughout the country.

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## Horse Matters.

### Fast Horses.

A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* gives his views upon the paying of enormous prices for horses which promise to develop into trotters, a practice which he deprecates as being by no means beneficial, since it tends to beget a spirit of recklessness which often leads to ruin. He says:

### Floors for Cots' Stables.

Cots should not be permitted to stand on a plank, cement, paved or any hard floor the first year, as these are liable to seriously affect the feet and legs. Unless the yard where the colts run in the winter has a sandy or fine, dry, gravelly soil, it should be well littered, so as to keep their feet dry. Mud or soft, wetish ground is apt to make tender hoofs, no matter how well bred the colt may be. One reason why the horses in one district grow up superior to those in another, in hoof, bone, muscle and action, is because it has a dry limestone and siliceous soil. When the mare is at work do not let the colt run with her; and if she comes back from her work heated, allow her to get cool before sucking the colt, as her overheated milk is liable to give the foal diarrhoea. — *Iowa Homestead.*

### Rishes in Hop Farming.

At the present prices, ten acres in Hops will bring more money than five hundred acres in any other farming; and, if there is a consumer or dealer who thinks the price of Hop Bitters high, remember that Hops are \$1.25 per pound, and the quantity and quality of Hops in Hop Bitters and the price the same as formerly. Don't buy or use worthless stuff or imitations because the price is less.

### The Farm.

#### OUR FRENCH LETTER.

The Value of Sainfoin—Pure Water for Animals—Action of Fertilizers on Meadows—Manures for Forest Trees—Sugar Beet Seed.

PARIS, Dec. 11, 1882.

#### THE VALUE OF SAINFOIN.

Attention is being drawn to the error farmers make, by not cultivating sainfoin or *esparrage*; it can advantageously replace clover; it does not exact an essentially calcareous soil; it gives favorable returns on argillaceous and sandy soil. On a soil well prepared, sainfoin can be sown with rye or any spring cereal, and covered in with a light harrow; 56 lbs. of seed per acre is sufficient. The plant lasts from 10 to 15 years in a soil. For milch cows, it should be cut when commencing to flower; for horses, when the seed begins to form. As a hay, it has no equal for sheep during the lambing season, as it augments the secretion of milk.

#### PURE WATER FOR ANIMALS.

A writer urges a more careful study of pure water and of drinks in general, in the economy of animals. The privation of water tells more rapidly on health than abstinence from food. In every kind of beverage, the part efficacious in assuaging thirst, is the water. The quantity of water required by an animal, varies with the air's temperature and humidity. A sheep requires least, and a pig most, water; horses and cattle come between. In the case of sheep, much water thins the blood; they ought never to be deprived of water as many shepherds practice, nor at the same time allowed too fully slake their thirst; the latter observation applies also to horses. The sheep and horses are of domestic animals, the most sensitive to impure water. For draught animals and sheep, warm drinks are enerating.

#### ACTION OF FERTILIZERS ON MEADOWS.

Professor Marker's experiments on meadow lands, in the Bavarian and Swiss Alps, with superphosphates and potash salts, reveal two interesting facts: Soils dosed with these fertilizers, not only yielded returns 24 times greater, but three weeks earlier than those soils not so treated. It is, however, well known that superphosphates advance the maturity of all cultivated plants. But what is not so well known, is the salts of potash also hasten maturity, but on one condition, that the soil be rich in lime. Wood ashes, as a consequence of their potash, proved an invaluable fertilizer for meadows, while extruding those acid weeds peculiar to moist lands.

France has suffered from the excessive destruction of her forests, especially in mountainous districts; hence, it is only natural that replanting is being largely resorted to. M. Muel, inspector of forests, has been conducting experiments with chemical, &c., manures, on plantations of pine, oak, ash and elm. It results, that farm-yard manure produced no results commensurate with the quantity applied.

Nitrogenous fertilizers, however, rather a hindrance to a help; whilst mineral manures acted in a marked manner, especially on seedlings. These results are but natural; analysis proves that nitrogen figures in the composition of wood, only for one per cent, while the mineral salts range from three to seven. This may explain why trees grow, and even flourish, on soils too poor for cultivated crops.

The Sugar Beet Root Society of the north of France, counsels those who desire to grow their own seed, to select for that purpose, medium-sized roots, of a pale rose color, but slightly out of the soil, and having neither too few, nor too many leaves. A spindle-shaped root is preferable, but not with a narrow crown, as indicates a tendency to run to seed. Replant early; cover well, and avoid nitrates, guano and sheep manure.

#### A French Silo.

A correspondent of the London *Times* has been visiting the largest silo in Europe, that of the Vicomte Chezelles, at St. Pierre l'Oise, France, and writes up what he saw in a lengthy article, from which we make the following extracts:

"The structure is at one and the same time an excellent barn and perfect silo, and may be described as an oblong open shed, roofed with tiles, 261 feet in length, 20 feet wide, 14 feet high, to all appear-

ance a building under which the cereal crops should be stored; it is, in fact, a Dutch barn. But the floor, instead of being level, is sunk some twelve feet, the walls are lined with rough stones and cement, and the floor is paved and the bottom level is drained. In this pit, which may be compared to the hold of a ship, there is at this date stored the produce of 170 acres of trefoil, lucerne, tares, and grass. This produce nearly fills the whole pit, a space being reserved at one end for the remnant of last year's ensilage. The forage was cut by mowers, five men followed and loaded the carts, and the green stuff was delivered at the side of the silo into the carriers of a powerful chaff-cutting machine, three men feeding it as men pitched the forage off the carts. Thus ten men are occupied and were paid by piece-work, \$2 to \$4 per 24 acres, according as the crops were light or heavy. The chaff-cutter, driven by steam, goes on incessantly, and the cut green grass is stored by a couple of workmen, and moreover, twice a day two bullocks or two horses are walked over the mass and give it compactness. A sprinkle of salt is added occasionally, and gives an appetizing flavor which animals like. As soon as filled, and without boards, straw, or other covering, about a foot to 18 inches of earth (here a sandy soil) is laid over the surface of forage, and the store is made complete, and forms in three or four months the ensilage which will be mainly the winter food of the farm stock.

This writer describes the opening of the silo, and says:

"I have had what may be called the first 'spit' of new ensilage in my hands, and have fed with both the new and the old ensilage the bullocks, seeing them take it as a horse does a mouthful of hay, eating with a relish. The appearance of the building was that of a great barn, and as a matter of fact the roof sheltered much of the cereal produce of a farm of over 500 acres. Wheat and oats in the straw, from the floor to the angles of the roof, formed the upper story of the mass of ensilage that was below, and separated by a thin stratum of sandy earth. To reach the ensilage, of course, a portion of the super-imposed grain had to be removed; next the earth was shoveled aside, and then appeared the brown black of the fodder, like compressed burn hay. The smell was rather agreeable than otherwise, much the same as comes from breweries. The temperature of the mass was decidedly high, almost more than the hand could bear; but this circumstance was not considered any objection, and the previous year's experiment had proved that such temperature was unattested by any danger. I took three samples, packed them in the cases, and sent them off to England for analysis. I also took a fourth sample of the old (1881) stock, that portion which had been thrown in uncut at the end of the silo then unroofed, and upon which much rain had fallen. This section is certainly damaged and inferior, but it is not so bad but that it is still eatable, after having been uncovered and exposed to the air during the past summer. Certainly the opening of the silo was a success. The food stored there was good provender for the coming winter."

"One of the drawbacks to ensilage, as commonly understood, is the supposed necessity to understand the body of the bulk each time a portion is cut away, and to consume such portion within 24 hours. The practical Chateau Boulemaire disperses such ideas, for the ensilage is simply cut away as wanted, just as would be a few tufts of hay from an ordinary stack. This fact promises, therefore, that cubes of ensilage, instead of being regarded as so much perishable green food, may be eventually made into marketable blocks for dairy and other cattle, thus extending its use, which is now limited to consumption on the farm where it is produced. Should this expectation be realized, a great proportion of English forage, grass, etc., is likely in the future to be made into ensilage without farmers waiting for sunshine to make their hay. Practice has already proved the value of ensilage. The quantity given daily is about 20 pounds to horses; 50 to 70 pounds to cows; but of course, some nitrogenous food may also be profitably mixed with it."

#### Cause of Sainfoin Potatoes.

In regard to the actual value of green rye used as a fodder the past season, the following facts may be considered, as given by a writer in the Baltimore *Times*:

"Seven young cows in a full lush of milk, having calves from two to six months old, and having no distinguishing circumstances by which a change of feed should fail to act upon the product of milk and butter with one more than another, had been fed for some time upon 15 pounds of mixed clover and timothy hay and common meadow hay mixed, cut, wetted and mixed with 10 pounds of mixed corn meal and wheat middlings daily. The yield had been very regularly 112 pounds of milk per day and 48 pounds of butter weekly from the whole seven cows. The rye became ready for cutting on the 10th of May, when the first heads began to appear. The daily ration was 60 pounds, part cut and wetted and mixed with the meal as before, and part fed whole, but all was eaten up clean. The second week after feeding the rye, the yield of milk was 168 pounds per day, and the weekly make of butter increased to 65 pounds. It will be seen that the fresh, green fodder, while it largely added to the produce of milk, did not quite increase in proportion to the yield of butter, for while on dry feed sixteen pounds of milk made a pound of butter, eighteen pounds were required when the rye was fed. As the rye approached to blossoming and became heavier, and the weather became warmer, the ration of meal was decreased gradually until but six pounds of mixed feed were given daily, and at the present writing the yield of milk is slightly decreased, but the weekly churning has undergone no diminution."

curls up in their usual way in the shallow hole which they had made. There was no indication of any fungus in the potatoes when they were examined by the microscope, but the surface was found to be eaten into and discolored, and the bark or skin of the potato had swollen and grown over the edges of the wounds much in the same way as the bark grows over the edges of a wound made upon a tree.

"The wire-worm is a shining, brown, smooth, many-jointed creature, which I find to be very common when searched for. Each joint has two pairs of short, slender, hair-like legs, and the worm has a pair of short-jointed antennae, with which it feels its way as it crawls actively along. When at rest it is curled up spirally. I find them all over my manure, under loose lumps and pieces of rubbish. They are very plentiful in moist spots, where leaves have rotted, and under pieces of bark, and in the leaf-mould in the woods. This accounts for the prevalence of scabby potatoes in new land where manure has never been used.

They are plentiful in grass land, as forage for farm stock, and finds one acre of it equal to an acre of corn. His cattle eat it readily, consuming stalks and all, and it makes them sleek and fat as contented stock. He plants in hills, about double the quantity he would use if he were cultivating for syrup, and when the seed is ripe, eats, shucks and cures, same as corn fodder. If cut before frost, he says, it will retain its sweetness all winter.

D. D. MOORE says: "Many animals are ruined or die because they are not properly cared for when ailing from accident or disease. Many a crop is a partial or total failure because it was not planted, cultivated or harvested in season. The lack of good stables, sheds, etc., often causes great waste of forage and other losses. The use of poor seed often loses a crop, and the lack of good implements is frequently very damaging. Failure to exercise brains in planning and management is very expensive."

J. D. EATON, of Ottawa, Ill., notes, in an article on the history of the Irish potato, a fact which many farmers have observed, despite the assurance by scientists that "mixing in the hill is impossible": "A curious fact connected with the growth of the Irish potato, and which most farmers have no doubt observed, is that they will hybridize in the hill. Plant a red and a white potato in the same hill, or near together that their bearing roots will intertwine, and part of the tubers of either plant are liable to be marked with red and white patches, or one-half may be red and the other half white. This is an interesting field for the investigation of some one inclined to the work."

"Buchu-Pain." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

#### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**SICK HEADACHE.** For all kinds of headache, &c., &c. Persons may avoid all attacks by occasionally taking a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator. It is so mild and effectual.

**MALARIA.** Persons suffering from this disease will be relieved by taking a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator. It is so mild and effectual.

**CONSTIPATION.** Persons suffering from this disease will be relieved by taking a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator. It is so mild and effectual.

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## Horticultural.

## SOUTH HAVEN AND CASCO POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

SOUTH HAVEN, Dec. 11, 1881.

Reported for the Michigan Farmer.

This being the first meeting of the society since the election of officers, Mr. J. Lannin, the retiring President, made some very appropriate remarks upon the progress of the society during the past year. He spoke of the happy meetings and greetings which the society had enjoyed at our social picnic gatherings, and expressed a hearty wish that we might continue to prosper for years to come, as we had in the past. The South Haven and Casco Pomological Society had a name throughout the State of Michigan and many other States, that we might well be proud of.

He was very glad to introduce to the society Mr. N. Phillips, the President for the year 1881. Mr. Phillips was one of the oldest members of the society, and had been faithful to its best interests, serving as president for a number of years. Mr. Lannin closed by saying he should in the future as in the past, do all he could for the well being of the society. President Phillips responded by saying that the society began 13 years ago with 13 members, and he saw no reason why it should not continue to grow in the future as it had in the past, if it only received the aid of all its individual members. We have learned very much in 13 years, and it seemed to him that we ought to learn much more in the future, for our stumps are out and the fruit trees are in. He should do his utmost for the benefit of the society.

The question for discussion this evening was: "What Material shall we Use for Mulching Fruit Trees and Small Fruits?"

H. J. Linderman opened the discussion, and said that he believed that forest leaves were unquestionably one of the very best materials that we could use for mulching small fruits, especially strawberries; but it was impracticable for us to undertake to gather them from the woods and apply them as a mulch for fruit trees or small fruits, for the reason that the high winds will blow them all away unless we incur a heavy expense to cover them with boards or edgings so as to make them real estate.

After trial of several different materials such as straw, marsh hay, etc., he had come to the conclusion that the very best material for winter mulching of fruit trees or small fruits was cornstalks cut up five or six inches long and put on in the early part of winter. He paid two cents a bushel for stalks, and a bundle would mulch a row nearly three rods long. This would keep the fruit back in the spring, and they are not so liable to be injured by frosts. Currants and gooseberries which have been set only one year should be mulched in winter to prevent their being heaved out by severe freezing and thawing. If the cornstalks are left on until the fruit ripens, they will keep it from getting sanded. Straw contains so much foul seed that it makes a very unprofitable mulch.

Mr. Palmer.—I would mulch strawberries with good clean straw cut up fine, and then cover with cornstalks over the straw. Take the stalks off in the spring and the straw will protect the fruit from sand and dirt. It was by accident that I discovered the benefits of cut straw as a mulch for strawberries. The straw had been carried across a portion of the bed of strawberries and the litter was left there. The increase of fruit, both in size and quantity on the part so mulched, was very great. I have always found a mulch good for all kinds of fruit trees and plants, both in winter and summer.

A. G. Gulley.—The objection to the use of straw as a mulch it contains. I mulch in winter for the benefit of the fruit in the spring. I have found that any kind of mulch can be put on in damp, rainy, or snowy weather. I never remove the mulch in the spring. I have seen very good results when cuttings were mulched when planted out.

C. M. Shetter.—Muck is the best mulch in the world. The man who has a genuine muck bed has a fortune. The most of our black ash swamps are full of muck. I believe a liberal application of muck every year on peach trees is a preventive of yellows. Muck is good for apple, peach, and pear trees, or any thing else.

Henry King.—I set 170 apple trees in Nebraska very late in the spring, and mulched them with prairie hay, putting a large fork full around each tree, and the result was I only lost one tree. I also mulched the bodies of the trees, by tying tall grass around them, protecting them from the extreme heat and cold, thereby preventing sunscald and frozen sap blight.

Adjourned.

MR. EDITOR.—In the last report of the Pomological Society printed by you, where reference was made to the "collection" presented by the society to L. H. Bailey, Jr., for grapes please read *grasses*. J. G. RAMSDELL, Secretary.

## CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

Among the holiday displays made by merchants to add to the enjoyment of the season and charm the money from unclad pocket-books, must not be forgotten the wares of the florist, beautiful but evanescent. All the choicest flowers are coaxed into bloom to brighten the sombre gloom of evergreens and holly, to blossoms on church altars, to deck drawing-rooms and parlors, and to fade in the glare of gaslight among folds of satin and tulle. The demand for cut flowers at this season of the year is immense; florists can scarcely meet it by denuding their greenhouses of every blossom, and our Detroit florist this year sent to Boston and other Eastern cities for the required supply. The lover sends his *fiancée* a basket of flowers with his Christmas offering; the husband selects of the same for his wife,

a child's offering to her mother is a tiny bouquet, and friends send them flying in loving exchange all over the city.

Happening in at Breitmeyer's, on Bates street, just a week before Christmas Day, we were shown a part of the supply which was being accumulated for "the day we celebrate." Here were great double handfuls of rosebuds, pale pink and gold, creamy tinted and pure white, already cut and thrust into wide-mouthed stone bottles, after being closely wrapped in oiled paper, and set away in the dark, moist air of the greenhouse. Here they would keep fresh and perfect in form till next year. Fifty Camellias each day were being cut; and with stems set in wet moss, were waiting under a blanket of white wadding till it came time for them to display their beauties. On the afternoon before Christmas we were in again, and had a glimpse of piles of fragrant Roman Hyacinths, like heaps of newly fallen snow, the cherry red of Bouvardia, the deeper blood-red of clove-scented Carnations, the dainty shell-pink of Begonias bloom, lying across its glossy green foliage, purple and mauve heliotrope, sweetest of all floral odors, and the white bells of Abutilon with their golden tongues. A breath of spring came from a hamper of English violets, twisted into button-hole bouquets with their own heart-shaped leaves. Here too, were the rich yellow buds of *Perle des Jardins*, one of the sweetest roses of its class, and the large, loose, falling petals of a pure white sort. Trusses of vivid scarlet geranium gleamed among white pinks, and yards upon yards of silimar, "The Boston Rose," were ready for use. But like the shroud at the Saracen Saladin's feast, in the midst of all this beauty and the joyous thoughts associated with it, there lay, a little at one side, the white pillow of Carnations, with its immortelle inscription, waiting to be placed on somebody's coffin.

The "fashionable fad" at the moment is to pay as much attention to the design and quality of the basket which bears the flowers, as to the poetical significance and beauty of the blossoms themselves. Fancy patterns in delicate willow-ware are decorated with drooping heads of *Brisa* and *Stipa Penua*, everlasting, well adapted to the purpose; while others depend for their beauty upon the fineness and art with which they are woven. There are baskets round and oval and diamond shaped, on standards and without, cornucopiae to overflow less with plenty than with beauty, slippers and boots and boats, everything we can imagine. After the flowers are faded, nimble fingers will line the receptacle with satin or plush, and convert it into the daintiest of work-baskets. A large urn-shaped, gilded basket, wreathed with smilax, was being filled by "Phillips'" nimble fingers with the brilliant bracts of Poinsettias, pure waxen Camellias, and Carnations whose multiplied petals were bursting the bonds of the confining calyx, and it will make a handsome waste basket for somebody in the course of time.

For the decoration of herself, on the principle of "sweets to the sweet," the belle of the *bon ton* chooses half opened roses, with their own foliage, on long stems; large clusters of these are worn as corsage bouquets. The "dizzy youth," whose thoughts never get higher than his hat, selects a single white or ivory rosebud, with one leaf for a background, and if you should offer him a whole greenhouse to plunder, he would have "only this and nothing more." "More than one flower is not 'good form' in Boston, you know."

## FLORICULTURAL.

M. Milton says in the *Country Gentleman*: *Daphne odora* is another plant requiring considerable care in winter. More plants of this sweet little flower are destroyed by over-watering than any other hard-wooded plant I am acquainted with. Unless good drainage is given it, and open, porous soil, the roots are apt to get destroyed by rotting, and the plants, if they do not die outright, assume a stunted, sickly-looking appearance. A good many are also killed from the treatment generally given them during summer—keeping in pots and allowing them sometimes to be dry and at other times too wet. Plant them out-of-doors with bouvardias or any other green-house plants; lift in the fall and treat during winter as recommended above, and there is no fear but good healthy plants will be secured, and abundance of their sweet-scented flowers.

So many violets are grown at Nice, Italy, to supply the demand of perfumery factories, that the air for miles around the city is heavy with their odor. Heliotropes and white roses are also grown by the acre.

The *Prairie Farmer* gives the following information in reference to the culture of that handsome decorative plant, the hydrangea: "The *modus operandi* of their production is very simple. Along about the close of winter, as many cuttings as are wanted are struck in the ordinary cutting bench, which in three weeks or a month will have rooted sufficiently to pot off into two inch pots. This is all there is of it until the end of May or June, when they are planted in rows in the open ground, where no other care is required than ordinary cultivation, until taking up time comes in the fall, just before frost. They are then lifted with as much soil as will hang to them, and set close together under the greenhouse stages. Here they perfect their terminal buds (which is of the greatest importance), by the check of taking up and the cool place they occupy. As room can be obtained on the stages, they are in January or February taken up and potted in pots or fancy boxes, as the case may be, given the full benefit of the extra warmth and light of their position, which is then near the glass. As the days lengthen they rapidly come forward, and if room can be spared so that the large foliage for which this plant is noted can be given, a really perfect gem of a plant is the result, and almost a bouquet in itself, so large and fine are the heads of flowers."

## Our Market Abroad for Dried Fruits.

It is a mistake among many farmers and fruit-raisers in the United States to think that the different varieties of fruit, such as apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, gooseberries, &c., are grown in greater perfection in Europe than here. It is not the fact. We raise these abundantly here and in as much perfection as they do Europe, and with not more than half the labor and expense. It is true, however, that more pains are taken there, and their modes are more thoroughly systematized; but the cost of producing a crop, we repeat, is very much greater there than here, but still the profit may be greater, as nearly all kinds of fruit sell at a much higher price there than here. We have not a doubt that the United States, etc. many years, will become the greatest fruit-raising country in the world. Our soil and climate partake of every description, and if one kind of fruit is not adapted to a particular place, another is; hence the wide extent of our territory presents to us a means of cultivating successfully all kinds of fruit. For years we have been shipping enormous quantities of apples to Europe, and this exportation is steadily increasing and will continue to increase until the trade shall become of national importance. In dried fruits, such as peaches and apples, the exportation has already acquired large proportions, and in ten years more it will go on multiplying in extent until fruit-raising will become a far greater and more profitable branch of industry than at present. With such a market open to us we can never grow an over-abundance of apples and peaches; while these, in addition to cranberries, in their natural condition, fresh from the trees and vines, ought to be and no doubt will be produced in sufficient quantities to meet any demand. The very cheapness with which we can send them abroad will open for us an unlimited market for all with which we can supply it.—*German Telegraph*.

## Grafting.

The Cincinnati Horticultural Society at a recent meeting discussed this subject, as follows:

Mr. Trowbridge thought there was too much grafting done. People graft indiscriminately without regard to quality or strength of root. We ought naturally to account in some way for our failures in this case. One of the most important things is to have good, hardy seed—from trees with same characteristics. The seed should be from hardy and pure trees. Frequently they are obtained from trees which have been frequently inoculated, consequently the seeds were weak and impure.

The President thought that seed from the most perfect fruit would produce good fruit.

Mr. Trowbridge said that the question as to grafting, for instance, if a perfect specimen of Milan was diseased by grafting upon the Russet, the question was whether the two varieties were congenial to the production of a perfect Milan.

Mr. Finch thought that sufficient attention was not paid to seed. If we should pay as much attention to apple seed, as we do to wheat seed, the result would be beneficial.

Mr. Wells wanted to know why grafting on crab stock was not best.

Mr. Trowbridge thought the crab would not root deeply enough to give proper vigor. If they would it would be best.

Mr. Wells said that he thought it well to procure seed, for this section, from the New England States.

Mr. Trowbridge said that if he was a young man he would pay particular attention to his seed and produce an orchard from the seed.

He thought that the society should take a position, and encourage nurymen to produce stock from pure varieties.

Mr. Wells thought that to do, the seed should be brought from a distance.

Mr. Trowbridge said that as to modes of grafting, probably every one was acquainted with them. He thought the system of grafting on sectional roots was a wrong one.

Mr. Wells said his experience with sectional roots was an unfortunate one.

Mr. Kelly said that he thought the great source of failure with in raising apples and pears came from producing from what nurymen call sweet stocks. The better mode is to graft upon the pure crab stock. He knew of but one instance of any pure apple crab stock being brought to this county from France or England. Pear crab stock was frequently brought over.

As to peaches, if we want to have perfect stock we must graft upon the bitter almond of Europe, and the same with apples and pears. We must have crab stock from Europe.

The general results of the discussion were as follows, that in forming orchards two plans are deemed best. First, when pure crab stock for apples and pears, and pure bitter almond stock for the peach can be procured from Europe. Second, producing from seed pure and hardy, obtained from northern sections.

## Horticultural Notes.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN says: "An over-fruited, uncarved-for vine, like a starved calf, is sure to be covered with vermin."

A new seedling peach named the Dey is offered to horticulturists. The fruit is large and handsome, skin greenish-white, dotted with red, flesh white, streaked with red, free, sweet and juicy. Charles Downing pronounces it of very good quality.

The London Garden recommends a weak solution of corrosive sublimate applied to lawns which are disfigured by the depredations of worms. Half a pound of the corrosive sublimate is dissolved in four gallons of water, and each half pint of this is added four gallons more of water. The lawns are then showered with it.

At a meeting of the Dayton Horticultural Society, Mr. Waymire stated that he had five Balfour trees remarkably free from their unfruitfulness. He heavily manured four of them, and from these he had good crops. The fifth, which was not manured, bore next to nothing.

W. M. SAUNDERS, of the Agricultural Depart-

ment at Washington, has demonstrated that in the leaves of peach trees is caused by changes of atmosphere. To prove this, Mr. Saunders set a tree which had been kept in a greenhouse out into the open and cooler air, leaving it for a few hours, and then returning it to the greenhouse. The result was that the leaves curled and fell off precisely as occurs in the open air. The effect is to weaken the tree, as the lost leaves must be replaced.

A PENNSYLVANIA fruit grower says of the Crescent strawberry that one reason of its wholesale condemnation is that the common practice is to let the plants run and cover the ground with a dense growth of leaves. He says that under hill culture it becomes a different fruit. In beds on common soil, and with usual treatment, the stamens are imperfectly developed, and the blossoms require an outside fertilizer; but on rich soils of ground, where the plants have a rank growth, the stamens are as prominent and efficient as those known as perfect hermaphrodites.

All apries should be supplied with pure stock. Objectionable drones must be excluded. Fertilization in confinement would smooth this task, but as this seems to be, for practical results, off in the distant future, we must resort to some other measures. By the use of the knife combination, and drone traps, it becomes easier to regulate the drones in our own apiary; while the most available means must be resorted to for their extermination in contiguous apiaries."

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Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

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## SCANDAL.

A woman to the holy father went, Confession of sin was her intent; And so her misdemeanors, great and small, She faithfully rehearsed them all; And chieftest in her catalogue of sin, She owned that she a tale-bearer had been, And borne a bit of scandal up and down To all the long-tongued gossip in the town. The holy father for her other sin Granted the absolution asked of him; But while for the rest he pardon gave, He told her this offering was very grave, And that to do it penance she must go Out by the wayside where the thistles grow And gather the large, ripest one, Scattered the seeds, and when this was done, She must come back again another day. The woman, thinking this a penance light, To the holy father said she did obey. The priest said "Well, do it still that way, night, Feeling right glad had she escaped so well. Next day but one she went the priest to tell; The priest sat still and heard her story through, Then said, "There's something still for you to do; Those little thistle seeds which you have sown, I bid you go gather every one." The woman said, "But, father, I would be vain To try to gather up those seeds again; The winds have scattered them both far and wide Over the meadowed vale and mountain side." The father answered, "Now, I hope from this The lesson I have taught you will not miss. You cannot gather back the scattered seeds, Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds, Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown By any penance be again undone."

—Mary E. C. Johnson, in the *Montreal Witness*.

## How American Girls Talk.

We are told that talking is only a variety of singing, and in listening to the talk of American ladies, that doctrine becomes easily acceptable. At first the pitch sounds somewhat shrill, though not disagreeably, only unaccustomed so. By and by you begin to like it, as presumably we should like any keynote coming from pretty lips. There always seems a note of interrogation at the end of the spoken sentences of American ladies, and a sort of cosy querulousness, not so much plaintive as sympathetic, a splinter parady of the pity which is said to be dangerously near love. Nevertheless, over the rows of lounging chairs on deck, there seemed to brood a sort of cooing sound as of well-contented doves. The young American ladies take the talking reins in their hands very early in life. At fifteen they ease their mammas' considerably, in that respect, and singularly enough, with their mammas' consent. The English mammas, at that age, would prefer conversationally sleeping daughters.

About this early American talk there is no gable. These young women rising sixteen, speak as deliberately and naturally as Mr. Henry Irving, and without the mocking twinkle of having something in reserve which renders the talk of that eminent actor not unpleasantly irritating. English girls at the same age talk as it were with their hands behind them, as if to conceal a skipping rope. The Yankee girl looks you straight and serenely in the face—we never ourselves shirked the ordeal—and screeds off an easy bobbin of conversation; you may act as "picer" if you please, but generally she does the "piecing" herself; you have sat down to talk to your companion as a child, and before the talk is over an interval of three years is supposed to have elapsed, and you say good afternoon to a self-possessed woman. Should any one run away with the idea that all this is unnatural or precious, he should be undeceived. For us it was one of the pleasantest suns on the ship—and when the sun was shining and the waves were dancing, there could be no more agreeable accompaniment than the unaccustomed chant of the New England dialect, with its note of interrogation at the end.—*Manchester (Eng.) Enterprise*.

## Marriage.

Men and women, says Theodore Parker, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time.

A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to brown hair and plump, round crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of.

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love, age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned towards heaven as well as earth.

Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is generally a good one. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed to blue, and my over-temperance requires to be a little modified with something of dulness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself.

Old people never marry their opposites, they marry their similars and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these opposites will fall out of the way a great many times, and both will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to, and the road they will go by and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her, that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real pity and love in their hearts to begin with.

The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as perfect as personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally—now a small fraction, then a large fraction.

Very few are married totally, and they only I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and excitement. Such

a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a winter to mellow and season. But a real happy marriage of love and judgment between a man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets said, a God, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

## Negro Proverbs.

Nigger sleep warm of his head kivered up. Norf wind show you de cracks in de house. When you make the jail too nice you better strenkin' de hog-pen. Mule don't kick 'cording to no rule. Black sheep hide mighty easy in de dark. Sun trabble slow cross de new-groun's. Better keep de rockin'-cheer in de cabin loff'le sunday. You can't coax de mornin'-glory to clam de wrong way 'round the de corn-stalk. Sat'day night he'd be roomatiz powerful. High-larnt nigger aint much service at de log-rollin'. Blind bridle can't hide de fodd'er-stock fum de lasses in de jug. Hot sun make de blades dull in de harves' fiel'. Mule don't unnerstan' de wheelbarrow. Smart rabbit go home 'fo' the snow done fallin'. Dead limb on de tree show itslef when de buds come out. De new groun's is de bes' yardstick to mejer a strange nigger by. Drabin' de steers wid mule-tails is flingin' way your bref. Tin plate don't mind drappin' on de fl'o'. Cussin' de weather is mighty po' farmin'.

The preacher need heave mo' grace when he won't pray for rain tell de wind git right. It takes heap o' licks to drube a nail in de dark. Good signs o' rain don't always he'e' de young crap. Books don't tell when de bee-martin an' de chicken-hawk fell out. Don't take too big a chip on a saplin'. De public road aint free for de rattlesnake. De plow-p'mi is close kin to de meal-bag. Dar's some fac's in de wul' dat don't slide long on de telegraph-wire.—*The Century*.

## Saving the Train.

The usual crowd of Autumn liars were gathered together in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only gross receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little clear-eyed, weazened individual sneaked in by the back door and slunk into a dark corner.

"That him," said the ungrammatical bummer with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved the train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us about it," they demanded as the small man crouched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing kerosene lamp.

After much persuasion, reinforced by a stiff horn of apple juice, he began:

"It was just such a night as this, bright and clear, and I was going down the track, when, right before me, across the rails, lay great beam. There it was—pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and light as it appeared, I had not the power to remove it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the night express was thundering down, and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it approached till, just as the cow-catcher was about lifting me I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so dense for a moment that one might have heard a dew drop. Presently somebody said:

"What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," he replied; "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad faced man, as he arose from his seat and siddled towards the door. "The obstruction was a moon-beam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and—"

Bang! flew a ham against the door; and if it had struck the body of the retreating hero there would have been a much bigger grease-spot frescoed on the panel.—*Drake's Traveller's Magazine*.

## VARIETIES.

APROPOS of the Egyptian trouble, we wish to relate a little story, the circumstances of which occurred during a trip to the Holy Land several years or more ago. He was a devout Christian, and had made the study of the Bible and proper understanding of the Big Book the highest aim of life. When he arrived at the Sea of Galilee his heart was filled with awe, and he felt enlarged and cleansed by the thought that he was standing on the very spot where his Saviour once stood. Approaching the boatman he addressed him in his choicest Aramaic, and with Bible and commentary in hand, awaited an answer.

"What did you do with the beam?" asked the man. "I didn't touch it," he replied; "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"So this is the Son of Galilee," devoutly murmured the searcher after knowledge.

"Yasas."

"And this is where our Saviour walked upon the waters?"

A statistician estimates that courtships average three tons of coal each.

An old lady, hearing somebody say the mails were irregular, said: "It was so in my young days—not trusting of 'em."

A Portland man who read at the end of a friend's marriage notice "No cards," sent him a check deck by the mail.

The girl who gets her heart on anything says, "Be careful that some young fellow doesn't come along and steal it."

What is the difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor? One clings to his man, and the other to his spar.

"Charge you \$20 to take you back," said the speculative Yankee.

"But you said you would charge nothing."

"Now, didn't. Nothin' to bring you out; \$20 to get back."

"And do you charge everybody \$20 to take them back?" asked the astonished searcher.

"Yasas. That's about the figger."

"Well then," said the devout one, as he went down in his clothes, "no wonder our Saviour got out and walked."

SOME 12 or 15 years ago, ere the Royal Academy of Arts had migrated from the National Gallery to Burlington House, there was a certain pompous and prudential R. A., who was anything but popular as a visitor with the students. He once rebuked a young gentleman in the painting school for not using a "gentlemanly palette," whatever that might

mean. It is related, however, that he on one occasion met his match. He had been making himself especially disagreeable to the majority of the students, when it came to pass that a young Scotchman fell under his admiring eye. After examining the student's work with severe attention, he turned to him, and in a voice of depressing solemnity, said:

"Have you any private means?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the youth, literally in the Scotch manner.

"Is it your intention to make painting your profession?"

"It is," rejoined the Scot.

"I am sorry to hear you say so," pursued Mr. R. A., with augmenting austerity, "for you will never make a living as a painter."

"I am not sure about that," observed the student. "You seem to have made a pretty good thing out of it." Tableau.—*London Society*.

The agent of a minstrel show who was traveling on the Pan Handle route the other day, happened to take a seat opposite two New York drummers. Each wore a pin with six diamonds on it, and displayed two watch chains. The coincidence happened to strike a solid, old-fashioned farmer as rather curious and hitching along up to the pair, he asked:

"Gentlemen, will you give me honest answers to a question or two?"

They said they would, and he continued:

"What time is it by your four watches?"

The agent replied that he had only one watch, and that didn't tick, while the other confessed that he had none at all.

"One more question. Did you buy your diamond pins at the dollar store?"

The two men looked at each other in a troubled way, and then informed the agent that he was the last questioner who had reached the limit.

"Oh, well, I didn't intend to be sassy," he remarked as he fell back; "I'm sparing a widower up in Wood County, and I was thinking if I could buckle on a dollar diamond, and harness two watch chains around me, she'd either kick or cave inside of a week!"—*Wall Street News*.

"TICKET!" said the conductor, as he stopped in front of a Chicago man, who looked as if he was anchored to his seat. The fellow addressed handed over the required pasteboard, which was duly punched, and looking around the conductor said:

"Where's your friend?"

"Where's the party occupying this seat with you?"

"I'm alone," said he, looking somewhat puzzled at being questioned.

"Then, what are you doing with two valises?"

"Two valises! Why, I haven't any," at the same time moving his feet with exertion.

"Oh, excuse me," said the conductor, and as he passed out of the car was heard to remark: "The biggest feet I ever saw."

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